



# The HICKORY STICK

JUNE

1936





# The HICKORY STICK

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Practical Arts Department



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# RETROSPECT

As lowly freshmen in 1932 we gazed in awe at the then lofty seniors as they nonchalantly dared to stroll along the main corridor. Such ease of manner! Such grace! Such savoir-faire! Truly it was enviable but with an unmatched enthusiasm we strove to imitate this acquired dignity and poise.

Of course there were minor details through which we had to wade before beginning this Herculean task. The terrific task of choosing class officers presented itself but with our undiminished zeal we nominated and elected those officers who still represent us with the exception of the burly George Anderson who left this year for a Texas flying school and who has been replaced by genial Bill McCauley.

Even as freshmen certain students were showing their leadership qualities. I personally caught Red Wilkinson singing Pagliacci in the bathtub and while investigating the reputed effect of many romances which have since bloomed and died a happy death. Fickle Spring!—deceiver of youth. Why could you not have waited until we were sophomores and more—at least a little more—experienced.

I remember coming back in the sophomore year with a knowing look upon my face at the coming “induction” of the freshmen. How those upper-classmen could wallop! I knew. I had been through the mill. I was amazed, too, at the tenacity with which McCue clung to the belief that his DeSoto would run forever. It didn't. Heh-heh. Leo Houle showed a little more foresight and came back in 1933 with that red car you now see parked on Highland Ave. S'all right. Leo. What if you are late once in a while. There was a sad rejoicing over the premature death of Fred Foley's car. I remember six flats in one trip from Fitchburg to Worcester. The poor lad was in a hurry to get to Clinton, too.

My rather poor marks as a freshman served to stimulate my academic interest in this second year and I took my nose off the proverbial grindstone hardly long enough to note Halloween, Christmas, and our celebrated Valentine's dance. The spring “Got” me. I was accused of being fickle, silly, and—worst of all—a romanticist. You can't talk, nor you, nor you, etc. Those Tuesday night brawls started off with a grand crowd but in about 20 minutes there would be but two couples dancing on the floor, three wall-flowers, and Angie Barresi struggling with some unfor-

## ISSUED UNDER DIRECTION OF NEW STAFF

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tunate Miller Hall resident.

We did the usual great things and in June when we tabulated our losses and gains found a respectable balance on the credit side of the ledger. More athletes had developed, Laitinen was competing with Wilkinson and Langevin for tenor honors much to Mr. Hoyer's dismay, our P. A. men bought some new shop coats, the Soph. E 4 division painted different views of the Worcester auditorium which amazed even the architect, and Beleson, the Jay Gould, the Astor, the Morgan, etc, of F. T. C. was beginning to give outward manifestations of his “gimme-gimme” ability.

Many of our students “made” the several school organizations that year and were already displaying the marked ability which has become a tradition of the 1936 group. We were amazed at the preludes and sonatas with which Jeannette Gwynne, Ken Bowen, and George Gardner enthralled us. Wilkinson's trained voice received due acclaim and the trumpet solos, duets, and trios played by Winifred Dodge, Ed Holt, and Carmen Bouno showed a remarkable finesse in presentation.

In 1934, with a bang or perhaps it was a dull thud we went into training. Good old training days. Many of us would give our last shirt—pardon the indelicacy, sister seniors—to be back there. A few others would give their last shirt in thanksgiving that the “ordeal” was over. We did enjoy certain episodes in training but we all admitted that it was hard work and we were rather glad to get back to the comparative ease of school assignments. I remember G. Gardner stealing down from the second floor to the first floor at Edgerly. One day he was caught and thereby hands a tale, eh, George? You can visit all you

want now, George—she's got a job.

Our Junior Prom was quite an event. Even the orchestra enjoyed the dance. At any rate I heard many favorable comments on the excellent “feed” given the hard-working musicians and Fred Jolie's crew reciprocated with lilting melodies of the day. A casual glance at some of the organizations brings forth the recollection that several 1936 graduates were glowing brightly. Swanky Bill Purcell was a great comic cheer leader; Gordon Hill, Dan Donohue, and Ken Bowen were officers on the M. A. A.; the soccer team boasted of Tom Spring, Chick Andrews, Stacevich Stach, Patenaude, Heinz, George Anderson, and Ernie Bono with Bob Ardini managing; many of these same athletes were listed on both the baseball and basketball squads, while among the Hockey and Tennis ranks were seen the faces of Purcell, Johnson, and Marsh Knowlton.

The women quite active in their fields. On the W.A.A. board we noted the names and deeds of Catherine Disken, Lucille Harrington, Rosanna La Croix and Aini Harrington, Rosanna LaCroix and Aini Dot Falcon made the 1934-1935 basketball squad. Ernie Bono shed his disguise and stepped out as the Fitchburg Toscanini with a successful season as band leader and B. Power, Ray Lund, Dan Donahue and Peter O'Toole sharpened their wits and witticisms in debating club conflicts.

It was in our Junior year that the Typographical Society was formed and Abe Beieson, Angie Barresi, Herb Miller Bob Ardini and Everett McCue were initiated to membership. Abe, with that controlling genius of his, became first TREASURER of the organization, this year too. “Bugs” Murdock first gained school renown with his unmatched collection of bugs, fleas, worms, and poison ivy. Good old Ken—but do you really like to do that?

The autumn of 1935 dawned in an expectant hush which brought many of us back to F. T. C. with a rather queer choked feeling. Hitherto unaware of the school's influence over us, we were suddenly strongly reminded that this was to be our last year here. No wonder we greeted one another more warmly than usual. These real friends and acquaintances had struggled side by side with us for three years and were starting out on the last tick—a united, undaunted body. True, we had lost some by the way. We numbered twenty-five less than in that boisterous fall of

(Continued on page 24)



## DRAMATIC CLUB

At the regular meeting of the Dramatic Club on May 26, the following people were elected as officers for next year:

President:	George Carey
Vice President:	Kal Kansanniva
Secretary:	Ernest Savoy
Treasurer:	Anne Ward

The club's annual outing was held at Anne Ward's camp in Whalom this year. A varied program of swimming, dancing, and a picnic lunch made it an enjoyable event for all who were present.

The new cyclorama, which we all are looking forward to seeing, is on the way. It will probably be erected within a week or so—at least soon enough to give all a chance to see it before we leave.

Plans are already being formulated for the presentation of a Dramatic Club play next year. Such foresight insures a highly successful season.

## WOMEN GAIN CONTROL OF DEBATING CLUB

Debating club officers for the year 1936-37 are Cecelia Callahan, president; Pauline Papacolis, vice-president; Ruth Copeland, secretary; and Andrew Owens, treasurer. This group of officers is eager to continue the ambitious program inaugurated this year. President McCaffrey stated, "With this fine outlay of club officers I am sure that next year the Debating Club will have an elaborate and diversified program."

## MOHAWK OFFICES FOR 36-37

Pres.	Joseph A. McNeil
Vice.Pres.	Joseph H. Mahoney
Secretary	Robert Rooney
Treasurer	George W. King
Alumni Senior Sec.	George Carey

## EPSILON PI TAU

President	Howard L. Hirst
Vice-President	Hollis Moore
Treasurer	Hollis Moore
Secretary	Dominic Baccaro

## GAVALEERS

The results of the electing of officers for the school year of 1936 and 1937, which was held Monday, May 18 are as follows:

President:	Dominic Baccaro
Vice Pres.:	Hollis Moore
Secretary:	Paul Goodwin
Treasurer:	Earl Roseen
Property Manager:	A. Hendrickson

The Gaveleers held their annual reunion and banquet Saturday, May 23, at the Women's Club in Whalom.

## SOPHOMORE ELECTION PROVES LIVELY

Close voting characterized the election of class officers. A second election had to be held to decide between Milton Jeffrey and Vincent Glennon who were tied in vote for treasurer. Glennon easily won in the special voting. Officers re-elected, were president, Everett McDonald; vice-president, Dorothy Dolan secretary, Ruth Marcy. Assembly representatives, Mary Clark and Leonard Nisula won by only one and two votes respectively.

There is an excellent Sophomore representation in most of the organizations in the college.

All the officers of the Women's Glee Club are Sophomores.

President	Ruby Gage
Vice President	Helen Paul
Secretary	Helen Paul
Treasurer	Sipri Tastula

Andrew Owens has been elected Treasurer of the Debating Club.

In the Women's Student Government Association, two of the officers chosen in the recent election are Sophomores. Ruby Gage is the Vice President, and Helen Paul the secretary.

Arlene Molaghan has been chosen secretary of the W. A. A.

Frances Moriarty was made president of the orchestra.

## LIBRARY COMMITTEE

The library committee wishes to express appreciation for the fine attitude of the student body in regard to using books co-operatively. In a school such as ours, with its many special fields and limited number of reference books, co-operation and consideration are of vital importance. The helpful attitude of our upper classmen in initiating the Freshmen into the library routine aided in making the beginning of the year a comparatively smooth one.

With the cut in appropriations to many of our departments the supply of current books has become increasingly small. Several of our students and faculty have not only realized this but have attempted to make up the deficiency by donating books. The Dramatic Club has placed six books in the library:

One Act Plays of Today	Marriot
Types of Modern Dramatic Composition	Phillips
One Act Plays	Clark

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## Professor Rogers Todd Lecturer

On Thursday morning, May 28th, Professor Robert E. Rogers as Todd lecturer for 1936, spoke on "Literature in Education". We who were acquainted with "the Rogers" of the newspaper, the man who habitually rubs teachers the wrong way, whose every speech is occasion for much controversy, expected a tall, rather dashing gentleman but were surprised to see a rotund, partially bald, decidedly little man.

His appearance was the first of surprises. Instead of uttering a barrage of changed statements, he confined himself almost wholly to the specific wording of his typewritten speech. His opinions and remarks were decidedly kind to the teaching profession when one compares them with some of his previous attacks. The fact that he was being paid by state funds to lecture State Teachers College students may have influenced him.

His humor was pungent but kindly. The caustic, stinging wit for which he is so famed was lacking. No two people who heard Professor Rogers agree or disagree on the same point, which in itself is of little importance. His main value to us is the stimulation for thinking which he offered.

## He Paces On

Bowed with worry and criticism, Hickory Stick in hand, he starts on that long journey into the great beyond. Before he reaches the distant horizon we pause to pay him tribute. Out of a gush of political speeches, ballyhoo and parades, his quiet dignity arose from the mob. The dark horse had come through again. We speak of our Editor "Mc."

Out of the flurry of Christmas snow he brought us the glad tidings of the season in the form of the first Hickory Stick. It was not the mere waving of a wand that brought us the magazine. Hours of planning, plugging, arguing and figuring are set between those covers that we have come to look forward to. The college has been rendered a service that it will long be proud. My meagre words become trite in paying tribute to our chief. His just reward must come in the satisfaction of a job well done. He has paved the way. His graduation will leave a gap that will be hard to fill. May his successors catch the spirit and enthusiasm of his work and build onto the foundation he has so ably laid.



CHARLES A. ANDREWS



ROBERT J. ARDINI



ANGELO F. BARRESI



KENNETH E. BOWEN



CARMEN T. BONO



MARGARET M. CARPENTIER





ABRAHAM G. BELESON



WALTER E. BOHMANN



ERNEST C. BONO



CATHARINE F. DISKEN



WINIFRED C. DODGE



DANIEL R. DONAHUE





MARY L. COLLINS



VIRGINIA CASSABOOM



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GEORGE H. GARDNER, JR.



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ESTHER M. EVANS



DOROTHY F. FALCON



MARY E. HALEY



LUCILLE E. HARRINGTON



ALFRED W. HARRIS



KATHLEEN A. GRISE



JEANETTE M. GWYNNE



AARNE L. HAKALA



MARY E. HILL



EDWIN H. HOLT, JR.



LEO HOULE





DOROTHY E. HARRIS



FELIX A. HEINS



GORDON S. HILL



GERALD R. LANGEVIN



BESSIE LANZA



THOMAS J. LAWLESS



WILLIAM M. JOHNSON



MARSHALL E. KNOWLTON



OLAVI M. LAHTINEN



EDNA M. MACKEY



LOUISE C. MCSHEEHY



WILLIAM M. MCAULAY





ALICE T. LEE



ANITA M. LEIGHTON



RAY J. LUND



STANLEY A. NAUMNIK



ALFRED B. NEJAME



MARY A. O'CONNOR





EVERETT P. McQUE



HERBERT J. MILLER



KENNETH A. MURDOCK



HECTOR E. PATENAUDE



RAYMOND J. PEPI



GEORGE A. PIMENTAL



BERNARD M. O'SHESKE



ARTHUR B. OULTON



PETER J. O'TOOLE



FRANCES L. SHERBURNE



VINCENT A. SJOSTEDT



MARTHA A. SOUTHER





ELIZABETH V. POWER



WILLIAM D. PURCELL



HOLLIS E. SARGENT



EDWARD P. STACK



CATHERINE B. TARBELL



ROSCOE E. TWOMBLY

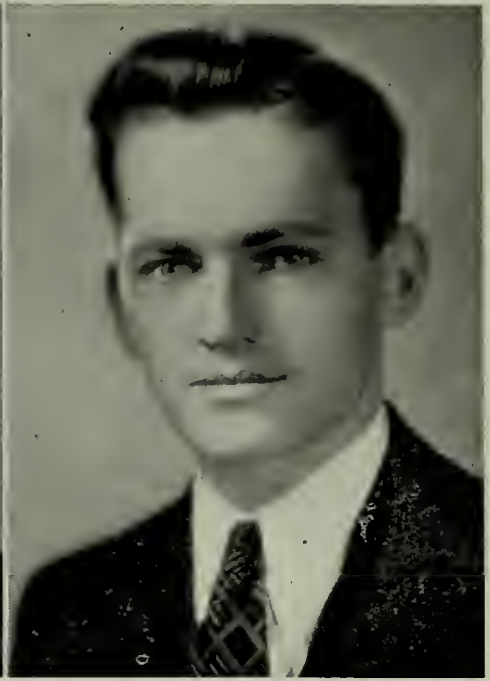




THOMAS F. SPRING



HELEN E. STEEVES



JOHN J. STACEVICH



HILDA DUKER



PEARL M. DUNCAN



VIR A B. EASTMAN



AINI V. WARTIANINEN



SYLVIA H. WARTIANINEN



RICHARD A. WILKINSON



ROSANNA LACROIX



MARION E. LEGARD



SARA J. McNALLY





ELIZABETH D. GIBBS



KAINO M. JALAVA



MILDRED R. KILCOYNE



JOICE B. WINSTANLEY



ROSE T. SULLIVAN



DORIS A. UPTON





IRENE L. PELLAND



ELLEN K. PERNAA



MOLLIE E. STRATTON

## THANKS TO SAXIFRAGE STAFF

The reprinting of the pictures of all seniors in this issue of the Hickory Stick has been possible through the courtesy of the Saxifrage Staff. Thanks to the staff and good-bye and good luck seniors.

## MUCH ADO

O Lovely must the land be where under-  
neath the sun  
The sparkling sunrise people, the morning  
folk can run  
Like young rivers rushing, like birds that  
roam—  
Like dawn winds knowing the world for  
home.

Mr. Boris Todrin in "The Room By the River" caught our ear with this (we always read poetry aloud) and it has been running through our mind these last few weeks. We pass it along so that it will bother you in these days when you are so carefree.

For the large some of one dollar we purchased 'The Le Gallienne Book of English and American Poetry' the other day. In this volume there are many old favorites that we always enjoy reading and there are other, some old and some new with whom we were unacquainted. We know that the work is so good that the poets must be familiar names to some of the readers in school, but for some reason or other they have escaped our attention. Under the later day poets we uncovered Arthur Symonds (1865—).

To part now, and, parting now,  
Never to meet again;  
To have done forever, I and thou,  
With joy, and so with pain.  
It is too hard, too hard to meet  
If we must love no more;  
These other meetings were too sweet  
That went before.  
And I would have, now love is over,  
An end to all, an end:  
I cannot, having been your lover,  
Stoop to become your friend!

And from John Fletcher (1579-1625) we have:

God Laeus, ever young,  
Ever honor'd ever sung,  
Stain'n with blood of lusty grapes,  
In a thousand lusty shapes  
Dance upon the mazer's brim,  
In the crimson liquor swim;  
From thy plenteous hand divine  
Let a river run with wine:  
God of youth, let this day here  
Enter neither care nor fear.

In life and in literature it is not so much a matter of the tools that one employs as it is what one does with those tools. We offer a small bit of Scottish verse as proof:

There was a man in Aberdeen,  
Held a sword an' I had nane.

But I'd a pair o' lang thoombs,  
An' I dirket him, I dirket him.

Browsing about the shelves of the library the other afternoon in search of a methods book we came across a book that interested us very much. As usual one of the last things that we did was to look for the author. The content of the book prompted us to wait no longer and we turned in haste to the title page. There it was: Willis B. Anthony.

It has been called to our attention that we praise literature all the while and facts has led some of the unkind to suggest that all of our criticisms are second hand, relayed as it were, from the English classes that we attend. We don't like all that considered good by the various English departments, and as a matter of fact we disagree (sometimes quite violently) with some of the opinions here expressed. We have our likes and dislikes, strange as it may seem.

We feel that reading Joseph Conrad is like chewing India Rubber. We think that G. B. Stern takes the notes that other people scribble on the telephone pads and makes books out of them. We think that one of the men who was mentioned for the Pulitzer Prize, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, no less, writes as though he had but recently slept in one. The writing of Hemingway affects us like a small charge of electricity: We feel exhilarated for the moment and then we have a sick feeling in our stomachs.

Hugh Walpole makes us think of nothing more than a whirring, sputtering film in a cheap theatre, flashes of average scenery and awful voids.

Thomas Beer intrigued us for years, but after the Mauve Decade, his work has been nothing more than the rambling dissertation of a maudlin molly coddle. F. Scott Fitzgerald was once tops with us. Wilbur Daniel Steele still is.

In 1930 there was a diamond crisis. It just goes to show what people worried about in the good old days. Yesterday we passed through a crisis, when we had to horrow a nickel for our lunch.

Ethel: Isn't it funny — there aren't any more rag pickers.

Mary: Don't jump to conclusions! I do some rag picking every time I go to my clothes closet

## All In A Day

Arrived at bus terminal. No bus in sight. Contentedly rocked on heels contemplating 'early to rise'. Waited five minutes. Grey coupe stopped at curb. Recognized driver as wheezy cigar salesman who lived next door. Leered at me and said, "Well, I guess that's the time you did it alright." Tried to look pleasant and intelligent at same time and asked, "Meaning what?" "Guess ya missed your bus." Wanted to throw things. Reflected that Victorian novelist would have said, "She clasped her hands feverishly and blanched perceptibly." So happens that I'm going down to Fitchburg." Thought, "Wouldn't you know the you'd be going to Fitchburg." Stepped into car reflecting that Dorothy Parker would have said, "And romance came into my life." Waited for him to say, "Great day." He said it and I tried to appear enthusiastic when I made the unique reply, "It certainly is." "Well and How's the school marm?" Wondered what I'd ever done to deserve that, but managed to retort with a merry quip which quip evades me at the moment. He screwed his mouth and seemed to pant. Felt that he was about to give birth to a brilliant remark. He finally said, "Wouldn't mind being back in school myself judgin' by some of the school teachers I've seen." Wondered why all weezy bachelors with bulbous noses made that remark. Steered conversation to subject of driving. For exactly 26¾ minutes listened to him tell of his experiences riding to Worcester in a car without water. Felt slightly mad. Visualized headline. "Brilliant young student becomes violently insane while riding to school." Reflected with melancholy, "Little will the world realize that the cause of my demise was a tale of a ride to Worcester in a waterless car." As we approached school, became aware of feverish activity. After a hasty farewell to my Sir Galahad on wheels, rushed into lobby. Realized that it was yearbook time. On all sides people lay prostrate, having strenuously overworked themselves penning immortal phrases on every available space of the Saxifage. Met several students who had writer's cramp. Spent first period signing books. Confined my remarks to 'Good luck', feeling that restraint is always admirable. Slightly rotund Freshman approached me, called me by name, and asked me to write in her book. Couldn't remember her name in fact never knew it—but wrote, "It's been nice knowing you. You deserve success." Sat

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By Jim Earley Box 386

To my successor: Congratulations! so you're writing a column. Draw nigh thy chair sonny and list the sonorous phrases of thy grey-templed predecessor. Behold my leathern skin, scarred with barbs of criticism and stigmatized cruelly by friends once mine, now lost or forever silent.

Lend thine eyes to my bulging letter-box, creaking and sputtering like a popcorn machine on kiddies day. It belches epigrammatical epistles or quais-querulus sincerities. You must develop an attitude of "hand me a murad" nonchalance, creditable to school superintendents during these evasive days.

Come closer—glimpse this gem:

"Dear Ash Man: (suggestion for your death shudder)

Fare thee well for I must leave thee  
Do not let the parting grieve thee  
The time has come when you and I  
Must say adieu (pronounced adooo)

\* \* \* \*

Hand me the bicarbonate from the mantle—thanks—yes—bicarbonate is excellent for that "riding on a velocipede" feeling—giddy, due to a tackling of the butterfly valve. Reference—Kenneth Murdock.

Pardon me, while I dip my hands in a warm saline solution. Here's another fresh from the s'inkingly scented paper of a sighing co-ed written amid titters of anticipation.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Harrington "Who was Talleyrand?" Student (shuffling from a doze) She was a fan dancer, and cut the baby talk."

—The Bible quotes bystanders as shouting at lepers: "Unclean, unclean" yet your mail box must like a champion boxers "receive all comers".

\* \* \* \*

Listen Sonny

To thine own self be false

And it must follow as perspiration doth inspiration

Thou can't not then be true to any girl  
O- if you are, get ready to buy theater tickets!

\* \* \* \*

It has its compensations this monthly

flirt with student tolerance. You may throw away your shaving soap; your keeper will steal your razor and shoe strings, you will have no friends. —all, all is insanity.

\* \* \* \*

I've enjoyed my escapade, flitting about from tray to tray. I've garnered a few lipstick tipped cigarettes (in the vicinity of the spa,) like Lady McBeth—She knew what she wanted, so foolishly she did inhale!

\* \* \* \*

Inevitably people will approach you as a dog who has retrieved a thrown stick and say, "What did you mean by that ten type remark"—Don't submit, make them kiss your boots: they will, to satisfy vanity — the dynamo that makes the world whirl.

\* \* \* \*

The humor column, my fatted calf, can be the most entertaining column in a publication or the most repulsive. Co-eds are sensitive; guard your remarks, don't make young ladies weep lachrymosa on their pillows, caused by you in a drunken orgy of printer's ink.

\* \* \* \*

A crabbed, toothless hulk of a man, weaned and aged by the pummelling of experience's, barbed fists told me a story when I donned my columnist's toga.

Here it is:

"A southern gentleman, his aristocratic structure crumbling about him at Appomattox lost his mind. (No he didn't become a columnist). He began to wander throughout the country, foolishly like an idiot.

His sons recouped the family fortune and they began a search for their beloved Dad. They scanned the obituary list and came upon the description of a corpse salvaged from the murky surface of a New York Canal.

With haste they visited the mausoleum and had about decided that the corpse was their Dad. Arrangements for a suitable funeral in the family plot were being planned when suddenly the corpse's jaw snapped open.

Low, he had several genuine teeth! One

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## Review Of "Idiot's Delight" Pulitzer Prize Winner

"Idiot's Delight" by Robert Sherwood the latest recipient of the much maligned Pulitzer Prize, is violent in its denunciation of war. The story is thin and exists merely as a nail on which to hang the heavy coat of propaganda. However, since it must be told:—

The scene is laid in the cocktail lounge of the Hotel Monte Gabriel in the Italian Alps. Various guests arrive: a French munition magnet (whom readers of "Merchant of Death" will have no difficulty recognizing as M. von Wendell) and his mistress, the alluringly beautiful Irene; an American impresario, Harry Van, and his troupe of chorus girls; a pair of English honeymooners; a French communist; a German scientist; and others.

The hotel is situated near a large Italian air base, from which, early in the play, a fleet of planes is sent to destroy Paris thus opening the second World War. Throughout the rest of the play, the characters sit around and discuss war in general, the present one in particular, and their own dangerous position so near the aggressive airport. At the end of the play all have fled to safety save Irene, who has been discarded by her escort because she accused him of fostering the war for his own profit, and Harry Van, who chooses to remain with her whom he loves. As the curtain falls they are sitting at the piano singing ironically enough, "Onward Christian Soldiers," while the bombardment crashes around them.

"Idiot's Delight," we feel is not a great drama. It is pure propaganda, and propaganda is not enough. The characters are only types and as such show no development. With the exception of the two minor characters, none are changed as a result of their experience. The chief merit of the play (from the point of view of drama) is the dialogue which, full of satire and grim humor, pierces through the shames and hypocrisies of war and reveals all its stupid futility.

That, after all, is what Mr. Sherwood wanted to do to convince us that war is a stupid folly. Therefore perhaps we should not criticize him for doing poorly that which he did not try to do at all. But we have had other plays, as strongly propaganda as this, which have at the same time had dramatic and artistic merits. Witness Brieux's, "Red Robe" and Ibsen's, "Ghosts" and "Enemy of the People".

(Continued on page 24)



## Sports Chatter

Mr. Weston was recently presented with a handsome lounging chair—this from the dorm students. THE HICKORY STICK wishes Mr. Weston happiness in his new home.

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations to Track. Let's make it that we may take the place in sports which a leading sport. Your support is asked so belongs to us.

\* \* \* \*

It has been suggested that if a certain baseball player would play more ball and cut down his yelling, the team would be better off.

\* \* \* \*

The six man ball teams at Palmer Hall have started something. Even the umpire has a lot of fun and by the way he holds two degrees; M. A. and O. U. (Official umpire) he figures out hooks and curves by math then the result is known.

\* \* \* \*

What was the matter with the rifle club on Monday, May 18? Couldn't they "get t'at tiger?"

\* \* \* \*

It looks as if the idea for the handling of manger's and assistant manger's did not work out so well. We suggest that more recognition be given to assistant manger's.

\* \* \* \*

We of sport's chatter wish to extend our congratulations to the newly elected officer. May the coming year be successful.

\* \* \* \*

Due to lack of interest or otherwise the intra-mural track meet held on May 18 was more or less of a flop.

\* \* \* \*

### Tennis

Our Coach "Doc" Johnson is doing a wonderful job this year with his netsters. Busby, of the sophomore class, is the assistant manager and he's right in there. Lambert, of the freshman class, is second assistant.

The team consists of: Johnson, coach; Kempaninen, captain; Chamberlain, who plays No. 1; Creamer; Pettee; Purcell; Pimentel; and O'Sheay. Graduation will rob the team of: Johnson, Pimentel, and Purcell.

The schedule this year is more difficult t' an l-st year. Opening with Holy Cross and then Clark Univ., American Inter., New Britain, Bridgewater, and Keene were the other colleges played.

## IN MEMORIAM

OF THOSE BALL PLAYERS GONE BEYOND  
CHARLES ANDREWS, COACH  
JOHN STACEVITCH, MGR.  
ANGELO BARRESI  
ROSCOE TWOMBLY  
CARMEN BUONO  
THOMAS SPRING  
RAYMOND PEPI

### Teachers College Meet

At a recent meeting of the athletic directors of the N. E. Teachers College it was decided that a championship meet, covering Tennis, Track and Baseball would be held annually. The first meet will be held at New Britain on May 22, 1937.

The following colleges have entered: New Britain, Hyannis, Salem, Rhode Island College of Ed., Farmington, Gorham, Castleton, Keene, and possibly Bridgewater. Fitchburg will enter provided permission is granted by the M. S. A.

A baseball league will be formed and the two leading teams will play for the championship.

McDowell: Your mind's in the gutter, Rooney.

Rooney: You should talk! The last time I was in the gutter, I rolled into you.

—o—

First dope: (Who had fallen into the river) Help! Help! I can't swim.

Second dope: (Looking at him) I can't either but I'm not bragging about it.

Believe it or not: We went over to the Paint Shop the other and saw a fellow drink a quart of milk for lunch! And we thought we were good the other day when we drank milk in our tea.

A Kentucky mountaineer went to one of New York's most expensive restaurants and asked for the best. The waiter brought him a lobster. After a few minutes the fellow called the waiter. "Wal," he said, "I drunk the water, and I smelled the boquet but I'll be durned if I'll go the fish.

French Diplomat: What's the population of Ethiopia?

Mussolini: Fifty seven!

French Diplomat: Fifty seven'

Mussolini: Well, it's 25,057 if you include the Ethiopians.

Someone asked the other day, "Can you loof? and we said, "Yes, and we can name 299 other people if you'll wait until we find our Sax Directory."

## AN OPEN LETTER TO EDITOR

In the last issue of our paper, you allowed to creep into the "Much Ado" column an article unworthy of college circles. Those of us who are majoring in English feel flattered with the compliments cast upon us, but the writer failed hopelessly in intellectual honesty. The import of the article was to plead for contributions for the the paper. Now, we are extremely sympathetic with anyone who has to beg people to make their own project a success. Further, the writer wanted to scold someone. The spell was on him! But he deliberately or unknowingly confused the issue (and we prefer to think he is a wise man).

The assumption is that "learned dissertation on style, the art of criticism, and what goes to make up good literature" are heard by the most casual visitor in the English classes. There's only one thing wrong with the assumption—it isn't true! To be sure, we wish it were. But we who are interested in English know that we don't know. We are trying to learn and very frankly admit that while we try to express our thoughts well, we have no writer urges that we should expect nothing short of a Dreiser, Fitzgerald, or Hawthorne from the English students, because of the "learned dissertations" on style. My dear Mr. Editor, criticism is not and was not in the repertoire of any one of these capable gentlemen! Finally, the writer of "Much Ado" does not, or is not willing to think clearly. The fact that one man or a dozen men who happen to be studying English made the students of English. We suspect the writer in the "Much Ado" column of thinking he was flourishing a good political plea and scolding. College men know politics and politicians—or they should! Now, why don't we call a spade a spade and say that these men wanted a job on the college paper or desired a job for some friend. We English students deserve good, straight-forward criticism and we'll take it. But why doesn't your over-worked "Much Ado" man plead for contributions from English students (from whom he has a right to expect help) and refrain from making asinine remarks as to what happens in an English class? Can it be, dear Editor, that he was ever in one?

Your cordial well-wishes,

One of the English Majors

Miss Lamprey: I want you to draw a floor plan of the Parthenon, because most all churches have been built on that plan.

Mary Haley: What's that to me? I don't want to build a church.

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### ASH TRAY

son said, "That can't be Dad, he had false teeth before he went."

The other sadly agreed and they departed.

The morgue keeper disgustedly slapped the clammy cheek and spat, "See you numbskull, if you had kept your mouth shut you would have had a darn good funeral!"

Don't open your mouth too often sonny, you may hurt somebody without intention. Being risque or racy isn't worth the price—especially if its in writing—Bon voyage.

(Continued from page 20)

### ALL IN A DAY

down to ponder why I wrote what I did. It hadn't been nice knowing her because I hadn't known her. Furthermore, hadn't the remotest idea as to whether or not she deserved to succeed. Wondered why I had played so flagrantly with cold truth and decided it was because I was a poor, benighted softie. Determined to be more courageous, so spent rest of day bolstering morale and strengthening resolution by drinking coco cola and sucking life-savers.

(Continued from page 4)

### LIBRARY COMMITTEE

Scenes for Student Actors Cosgrove  
Famous Plays in Miniature Wheeler  
Twelve One Act Plays for Study and Production Wheeler

The Senior E. 4 division bought two copies of "Art in the Western World" by Robb and Garrison and have placed them on the shelves. Several students have donated the texts used during previous semesters. We wish to bring the attention of the student body to the thoughtfulness and generosity of these people, and to express our appreciation. We trust that other organizations and individuals will realize the worthwhileness of increasing our supply of available reference material and will add to our collection.

### FRESHMANALITIES

Imagine Grover Howard as Clark Gable!  
Ellen Dormin is subwaying now. With Whom?

Nizzie-izzie a Freshman? Yes!

Imagine Anna Clifford keeping quiet!

Imagine Eddy O'Sheasy embarrassed!

Imagine 'Milly' Slattery without 'Pep'.

Imagine Bob Hopper as Charles Atlas!

John Mitchell, the great lover.

Larry Houle, his stooge.

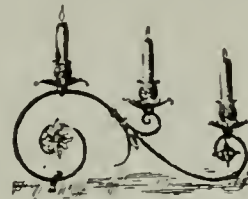
Chet Bercume, the timid soul.

Oh Peggie! What's the score?

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Billy Bauer — — Tee hee hee

Jerry and who, fell asleep while riding  
to Worcester?

Why did the bus driver separate Anna  
Clifford and W. B.

chiefly due to the coaching of George  
MacKaye, an excellent friend of the Dram-



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(Continued from page 3)

**RETROSPECT**

1932. With the same spirit which characterized Clark's immortal expedition beyond the frontier borders we looked forward to the coming year with its work, joys, and griefs. Graduation was our goal and our starting point. Today we seek to penetrate the veil of uncertainty just beyond the horizon of graduation and commencement. We have shown ourselves fit to cope with school concerns and the question uppermost in our minds is whether the initiative possessed by us is virile enough, strong enough, deeply-enough rooted to carry us to the heights. A brief mental review of senior accomplishments this year reassures us—the Hickory Stick with its ever-growing list of contributors, the promotion of and faculty cooperation through assembly planning, the alumni-student cooperative movement, the record of organizations and athletic groups for this year—all these and many other group and individual growths in varied fields lead us to the confident expression that the class of 1936 will face a cynical world with a freshness and eagerness and warranted success which shall be duly recorded in Fitchburg Teachers College annals and which shall serve as the object of emulation to all following classes.

With a backward glance of joy at happy T. C. memories and a buoyant spirit of self-confidence we bid adieu to that which has been so pleasurable in the last four years. The Class of 1936 expresses the sincere wish that the same success which has rewarded the academic efforts will be the criterion of the success of all the undergraduates.

(Continued from page 21)

**IDIOT'S DELIGHT**

Unfortunately for himself, Mr. Sherwood invites comparison with such masters.

The play is in truth highly entertaining and will probably have a large audience (especially as the author has provided a group of chorus girls for the Tired Business Man). This is all too good. "Idiot's Delight" should have a sizable audience. Its message is of vital concern today; through the medium of the theatre it may reach many who have not realized the fearful consequences of war.

But however beneficial the sociological influence of the play may be, we are convinced that "Idiot's Delight" is dramatically inferior to at least two other productions of the season. And, hence, should not have received the Pulitzer Prize.

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